## ORANGEREVOLUTION

## **Director's Statement**

The Orange Revolution is about faces. There was Viktor Yushchenko, his handsome face deeply scarred after he was deliberately poisoned and barely survived. But the most memorable are unknown: old women – babushkas – in their colored scarves, students festooned with orange ribbons, the truck drivers, plumbers, and teachers with snow melting on their cheeks, the volunteers who made sandwiches and poured tea in the subzero cold, the kids with orange-dyed hair. They were nameless, but not powerless. They wanted to stop paying bribes to get into school, or to see a doctor. They wanted a country that was theirs, not the exclusive property of a corrupt elite.

When the regime stole their election, these ordinary Ukrainians were ready to fight. Leaving their families and jobs behind, traveling to Kyiv at their own expense, standing in the snow, sleeping on floors, their faces are unforgettable. The ladies of Kyiv baked bread and brought them blankets, then joined them. Business owners donated fuel, tents and medicine, while young cops, protected by the plastic shields of their helmets, listened stoically as protesters chanted, "police are with the people."

"People power," even with its echoes of the 1960s, is the heart of the Orange Revolution, right down to the rock music and dancing in the street. But spontaneity was only part of it. They were organized, well led, and disciplined. They were young and old, rich and poor, putting themselves at risk in a high-stakes drama. Their faces showed their humanity and their sense of humor – in many ways, their most important weapons.

That's what drew me to the story – it was a heroic performance, not by a single character, but by millions, in countless actions, words, and gestures, grimaces and smiles. Not one of them could have done it alone, and no one could do it for them. They had to do it for themselves, and they knew that by acting together, they'd be unstoppable.

--Steve York